[From Chambers' Journal.]

A Honeymoon in 1848.

One of my friends, who had never arrived at doing anything, from having been for the last ten years in a happy state of expectation of a consulship in the East, made up his mind some time since to settle in Paris. He is yet young, and much given to day-dreams. However, though he passed for somewhat of a visionary, he was taken up seriously by a banker in that matter-of-fact region, the Bourse; the worthy gentleman having ascertained that my friend Henri Delmasures had some hundreds of acres of land in Beauce and Normandy on which to build his castles in the air. He was a romantic visionary, but yet a landed proprietor. The banker, after a whole night spent in convincing himself that his daughter must be happy with such a man—a conclusion he arrived at by a process of adding, multiplying, and subtracting—consented to bestow her hand upon him.

Mademoiselle Matilda Hoffman was not merely a young lady wrapped up in bank notes or cased in bullion; she had, on the contrary, in the atmosphere of the three per cents., imbibed somewhat of the ærial grace of nature and poetry. The chink of the guineas had not prevented her hearing the airy voices that in every varied tone—but all soft, sweet, cheering—whisper the young heart, and fill its spring-time with delight. The dark, dull, close house in which she lived had not shut out from her all fairy visions of the

—"Gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live,
And play in the plighted clouds."

And thus when my friend spoke to her a language not very usual before the 24th of February, till which epoch nothing was more rare than a union of hearts, it was little wonder that she listened to it, then learned to love it and him who spoke it.

The only unions taking place of late in France were marriages between rank and ready money—between position and pelf. Nor, incredible as it may seem, was this altogether to be laid to the charge of too cruelly prudent papas and mammas; for the young ladies themselves had more than their full share of the fault. A rage for titles, or a passion for gold, possessed every heart, and had dispelled all the delightful illusions, all the bright-glowing romance of life. It is not long since I heard a young creature, who had scarcely seen seventeen times the budding of the hawthorn, say in confidence to a friend, "I will marry no man that is not either a nobleman or a stockbroker;" while the friend on her part reciprocated the trust reposed in her by a whispered determination "never to marry any one but a prince or a banker." But Matilda Hoffman troubled not herself either about the titles her Henri had not, or the money that he had: she was in love, just as the young were wont to be in the Golden Age. She was delighted to find that he did nothing, could do nothing, and wanted to do nothing. "At all events," she said to herself, "he will not immure me in a bank; and we can go where we like, free to love and live for each other."

It is but due to my friend Delmasures to say that he was quite ready to live for her. Matilda Hoffman had suddenly shone out upon him, as the visible image of his beau ideal of grace, goodness, and loveliness—as his taste personified. The matter was soon settled, and the marriage fixed to take place on the 24th of February.

On the evening of the 23d, after repeated calls, we at length succeeded in finding the mayor at home. Whilst the young lady was signing the necessary documents, the functionary entertained her with a lecture on politics and morality. He did not find it a very difficult matter to prove to her satisfaction that a government which thus sanctioned love by marriage was the best of all possible governments, in the best of all possible worlds, and might defy any attempt to subvert it. On leaving the mayoralty-house, however, neither M. Hoffman, the bridegroom, nor the witnesses, could find their carriages. Whilst the mayor, in all the loyalty of his tricolored scarf, had been proving that there was nothing serious in this ebullition of boys and sucking children, the heroic and patriotic *gamins* had seized upon every hackney-coach, cab, omnibus, and other vehicle to make barricades.

That night Matilda passed alone in prayer for the dying. The next day at eleven o'clock Delmasures presented himself at the banker's in the dress of the evening before, which it was evident he had not taken off all night, but with the addition of sabre and pistol, and no small quantity of mud.

"But, my dear friend," said the banker, without raising his eyes from three or four newspapers he held in his hand; 'my dear friend, we cannot marry to-day.'

'Not marry to-day! Who says so?'

'Do you not know what has happened? The people have been making barricades. M. Mole succeeds M. Guizot; M. Thiers succeeds M. Mole; M. Odillon Barrot is in place of———I forget whom; but no matter—the people will soon be in everybody's place. Just glance at these papers: really some of the predictions are quite terrifying.'

'Not an instant is to be lost!' exclaimed Henri. 'Where is Matilda?'

He hurried to the young lady's room, and found her in her wedding dress. "My own Matilda, how lovely you are looking! But we must hasten to church, for in one hour it might perhaps be too late. You must not leave me longer in this revolutionary torrent that is carrying all Paris away.—See, I have been fighting hard—were I not modest, I would say as hard as a *gamin*. To-morrow the republic—but to-day, love!'

The terrified girl threw herself into the arms of her Henri. 'In mercy take me hence; far from the world if you will; but anywhere from hence!'

'But my love, you must change this dress. We shall have to make our way to the church over the barricades.'

Before an hour had elapsed, the cure of the parish had pronounced the nuptual benediction in a small chapel, the humble walls of which were wont to witness only the plighted vows of those who had no wealth save their strong arms and true hearts.

'Now,' said Henri to Matilda, 'let us leave your father to finish his discussion with the cure on the present state of affairs, and let us fly to some steam-carriage that, swifter than the wind, will take us somewhere—I care not whither, provided it be to a country where we can peacefully enjoy our honeymoon.'

'Suppose we take the railway to Rouen? Well do I remember in the woods there an old chateau; it was enchanting, dear Henri. I spent six weeks there last summer wandering in its groves, with no one to speak to but the trees. I am only afraid it is too near Paris: let us go to the other end of the world.'

Henri and Matilda were soon on their way to Rouen, at the full speed of a train baptised that very morning 'the Republic;' and through the window of their carriage they were witnesses of the general flight attesting the magnificent national co-operation that had accepted the new institutions,' and the sincerity of the adhesions to the republic, and evincing the universal confidence in the proclamations that order, liberty, and equality had been established. 'Hurrah! the dead can ride apace,' says the poet Burger;; but fallen courtiers can ride still faster. 'Only look,' said Matilda, 'at that servant in livery galloping so furiously, that I should not wonder at his outstripping us. Do you see him?'

'I see him,' answered Henri: 'it is one of the ex-ministers.'

'And that poor young woman who is dragging her feet so slowly along the rough road, and from time to time looking back with such a terrified air?'

'I see her,' replied Henri: 'she is a princess.'

Thus they beheld pass along before them all that, for nearly twenty years, had been the court and the administration. A dark page of history was unrolled upon the high road—the last unfinished story of kings and queens—'Once upon a time.'

Journeying in this way, the two lovers arrived at Havre. While strolling on the sea shore in the evening, they perceived an old gentleman hurriedly making his way towards a steamer a little apart from the rest of the shipping. Henri and Matilda paused to observe him. It was the Monarchy leaving the soil of France; and the most determined republican would scarcely have chided the respectful salutation of the young pair—the respect of pity.

But they gave up an intention they had formed of going to London. Was it from reluctance to follow in the track of the fugitive monarch, to come in contact with the hoary head from which a crown had so lately fallen? Or was it the fear that the exking might carry about with him, however involuntarily, the seeds of a successful revolution? Perhaps each of these reasons had some influence in changing their route.—Neither would they venture to Brussels, for reports had reached them, whether true or false, of a new edition of a revolution there as well as in Holland, where the people were demanding a little, and the king granted a great deal.

However, as go somewhere they must, they went to Switzerland—the classic land of honeymoons. 'Switzerland being already a republic,' said they to themselves, 'we need not be afraid of its wanting to make itself one.' In the confidence of this hope, Henri and Matilda rented a chalet by the side of a mountain, where they might place themselves and their love under the protection of the Landamann and the old Helvetian Confederacy. But they were hardly on their way to it, after a short stroll by the side of the lake, when they perceived a band of armed nationalists wheeling about them. It was at Neufchatel.

They now turned their thoughts to Germany. 'Let us go to Germany,' said they. 'There no one troubles himself about anything but waltzing or metaphysics.' They set out, but they were scarcely half-way, when they were warned, 'Do not go to Vienna; do not go to Berlin.'

As their carriage was about to cross a bridge, a female equestrian, with her hair floating over her shoulders, and her long graceful velvet drapery falling over her Arab horse, yet withal of a martial air that might have become the queen of the Amazons, galloped up so suddenly to them, and threw herself so directly in their way, that the postilion had scarcely time to pull up the leaders. 'Back there!' she cried, as she presented in his face a little pocket-pistol.

The terrified postilion fell back upon the horse he was riding, while Henri, putting his head out of the carriage-window, recognised in the desperate Amazon the Countess de Landsfield.

'Madame,' he said with a courteous smile, 'I beg to assure you that we are neither Prussian gensdarmes nor Bavarian municipal guards. Have the goodness, then, to reserve your powder and ball for some greater political emergency, and allow us to pursue our route.'

Lola Montes broke into a merry laugh; which made the mountains ring with its echo. They were like old courtiers, but a little more genuine—perhaps the last courtiers.

'Take good advice said she, 'wherever you get it. Go not to Germany, they have burned my hotel.'

So saying, the Countess de Landsfield set off like an arrow from the bow, leaving Henri and Matilda to exchange glances of surprise, and to ask each other, in utter despondence, whither they were now to bend their steps—what country would receive them? 'Let us go straight forward,' at last they cried. And straight forward they went, through woods, through meadows, and ravines, till the Rhine became the splendid barrier to further progress, unless they committed themselves to its waters. They did so, and stopped not till they came to Johannisberg, where they met an old man seated in an arbour, with his bottle and his glass before him.

It was M. de Metternich, who was drinking his last bottle of Johannisberg.

'Your excellency,' said Henri, respectfully saluting—the bottle—'your excellency will pardon me if, in presuming to address you, I derange the balance of power in Europe; but we are a young couple from France, who are in search of some pretty little cottage where we may give a few short weeks to each other. Your excellency—who knows all news better than any telegraph, any newspaper—will have the goodness to tell us whether there are any cottages in Germany?'

The diplomatic eye of M. Metternich flashed somewhat angrily; but seeing nothing but artless simplicity in the faces of the young couple, he filled a fresh bumper, tossed it off, and buried his face in his hands.

'My Lord Minister,' said Matilda timidly.

'I am no longer minister,' answered he.

'My Lord Prince,' stammered Henri.

'There are no more princes.'

'Well, my Lord of Austria.'

M. de Metternich raised his head, looking sad as German ballad.

'Austria is no more,' said he in a gloomy whisper. 'Austrians have destroyed it in destroying me. Diplomacy is no more, for I am the last diplomatist; and I!——Oh, Talleyrand, thou hast done well to die! The great art of working the hinges upon which all politics turn is at an end for ever. The people break the hinges when they cannot open them, and the axe is a hammer that opens every lock. We have fallen upon evil times, when words are of no other use to statesmen than to express their thought, and that even when perhaps they have none to express. Pity me then; behold me reduced to swallowing my last refuge of diplomacy—that is to say, my Johannisberg wine, that wondrous beverage with which I have mystified all Europe for more than sixty years.'

M. de Metternich was silent, having nothing more to drink or to say.

I now lost all trace of Henri and Matilda for some time, but rested satisfied that they had at length found the promised land, when this evening I received the following letter:—

BRESCIA, *March* 19.

MY DEAR FRIEND—We have at length arrived in Italy, after having passed through twenty countries all in revolution. Up to this moment we have not had an hour's quiet, for wherever we turned, there burst the revolutionary waterspout. Whatever shore we reached, the waves broke in upon it, and drove us before them. We have been at Brescia about half an hour, and must leave it before the hour is over. We were afraid of Vienna—afraid of Milan—'No strangers!' was the cry there; and though I knew they meant the Austrians, yet I was not certain how far they might carry their nationality. We knew that Rome was celebrating a constitutional carnival; That Florence's Grand Duke was proclaiming constitutions; that Naples had a king to-day, and will have to-morrow a Masaniello. We thought of Monaco, but it appears a republic is proclaiming there. The republic of St Marino next occurred to us, but there they are talking seriously of proclaiming an emperor. A prophetic hurrah has reached us from the Don Cossacks. Asia has turned her eyes westward, and drawn the sword against the Emperor of all the Cossacks. Every day we see the moon rising, it appears to us under every form, and in every colour. I suppose you have it tricolored in Paris?—But it is not the honeymoon: alas! we know not where to find that! To what shore, favored of Heaven, are we now to steer our frail bark of love, launched into the open sea in such stormy weather? We had joyfully cried out 'land!' when we reached Brescia. Here in the fair fields of Lombardy, where spring has already come with her hands full of opening flowers and verdant foliage, we hope to forget the world and its revolutions; but hardly had we alighted from the diligence, than a huge creature, one of the rabble, collared me, and demanded if I were not the viceroy; for the report had been already spread that the viceroy, driven from Milan, was on his way to Brescia, which he believed to be friendly to him.

'My worthy friend,' said I, 'you really wrong me. I have just come from a country where the very word royal is erased from the dictionary.' Apropos of the dictionary, have you still an Academy? By this time the diligence was surrounded by a crowd, not less demonstrative in its greetings than my first friend. I commenced a parley with them, interrupted from time to time by a poor nervous Englishwoman, white as her country's cliffs, protesting that though she did come from Munich, she was not Lola Montes. In a few minutes, however, a diversion was effected in our favor by the arrival of a second carriage. The mob rushed towards it, and seizing upon a man who alighted from it, dragged him into the next square. They say it is the viceroy: I am not sure; but one thing is certain, that the revolution is here as well as everywhere else. Danton said 'that we did not carry our country about with us on the soles of our shoes;' but methinks I must carry about with me dust pregnant with revolutions.

'At length, in utter despair, I thought of Ireland. 'I have heard of no revolution in Ireland.' 'If not,' answered Matilda, 'then we must not go, a revolution there would imply quiet, for it implies change, and the usual natural state of that country is disturbance.'

'Her woman's wit at last suggested, 'Why not go back whence we came?' She is quite right. Will you, then have the goodness to call at my house and tell my English servant—but I was forgetting that the cause of liberty, equality, and fraternity would be compromised by my retaining him in my service—but tell any of my people that you can find that we are on our way to Paris, and hope to spend our honeymoon at home?

'Farewell. I have but time to add, health and fraternity, HENRY DELMASURES.

The Tinker.

A TINKER is a moveable, for he hath no abiding in one place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his choleric nature. He seems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage; and sometimes; in humility, goes barefoot, therein making necessity a virtue. His house is as ancient as Tubal Cains, and so he is a renegade by antiquity; yet he proves himself a gallant for he carries all his wealth about him. From his art was music first invented, and, therefore, he is always furnished with a song, to which his hammer keeping time, proves that he was the first founder of the kettle drum. Note, that where the best ale is, there stands his music most upon crotchets. The companion of his travels is some foul, sun-burnt quean; that, since the terrible statute, recanted gipsyism, and is turned peddleress. So marches he all over England, with his bag and baggage; his conversation is irreprovable, for he is ever mending. He observes truly the statutes, and, therefore, had rather steal than beg, in which he is irremovably constant, in spite of whips or imprisonment; and so strong an enemy to idleness, that, in mending one hole, he had rather make three, than want work; and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraces naturally ancient customs, conversing in open fields and lowly cottages; if he visit cities or towns, 'tis but to deal upon the imperfection of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which, with canting proves him a linguist. He is entertained in every place, but enters no farther than the door, to avoid suspicion. Some would take him to be a coward, but, believe it, he is a lad of mettle; his valor is commonly three or four yards long, fastened to a pike in the end for flying off. He is very provident, for he will fight with but one at once, and then, also, he had rather submit than be counted obstinate. So conclude, if he escape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar.—*Overbury.*

He who lives in expectancy of an estate or legacy which he may inherit from others at their decease, is a pensioner of chance, and may himself die before those whose heir he expected to become; and, should he outlive them, he too often fails of his object; for they generally deem such unworthy to inherit their possessions. He alone is worthy them who shows his capability to take care of them by his independence of them, and reliance upon his own resources.—*Emerson.*

Toleration.

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which, within a few days, I should dissent myself.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Never be a judge between thy friends in any matter where both set their hearts upon the victory: if strangers or enemies be litigants, whatever side thou favorest, thou gettest a friend; but when friends are the parties, thou losest one.

Visit to Wordsworth.

At Ambleside I had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Wordsworth, who has now nearly reached fourscore years, and is yet himself, no-wise deteriorated. I felt some diffidence in going to see him, but, being first assured that I should be welcome, of course, I called on him. The admission of strangers to the retreat of genius, may be often troublesome, and in many instances, cannot requite the object of homage for the sacrifices of his time; but it is a tax somewhat self-imposed. A great teacher is made for mankind; he addresses himself to his fellow man; his high vocation is for their sakes.—If his work is more consummately effective, and I am well convinced that it is, when he is seen face to face, when his living voice has uttered gracious words in the ear, he may be considered as completing his mission to his contemporaries when they come into his presence, and for a brief space sit in the light of his countenance. I have ever believed that the power of the true poet is the power of religion and humanity, and that of this age no man has better illustrated its purifying and elevating function than Wordsworth. Now, if he had been repulsive and unamiable in his manners, as from over-refinement, and the selfishness, often self-approved, that grows out of such delicacy, (he might be so, and even be the more admired by some for that very reason,) he would contradict himself, and his writings would thus, in the estimation of many lose their charm of perfect benevolence and sincerity. But he is so kindly, so ingenuous, so communicative, apprehends so clearly to whom he is talking; and what he says, let who would say it, is so much worth hearing and remembering, that one, favored as I was, might lay up his discouree of an hour for life, and profit by it ever after.

It is delightful to see this venerable man ending his days in the very locality honored as his birth-place, (he was born at Cockermouth, a town not far from Rydal Mount) with the wife of his youth. They have lived in marriage nearly half a century, in great peace and prosperity; increase of years bringing increase of honor, and the sunset of life crowning them not only with the true glory of this mortal state, but promising to their exalted faith a never ending duration of that holy happiness they have sought and found here. After a visit prolonged by the kind solicitation of Mr. and Mrs. W., we rose to depart, but the poet offered to show us his grounds and accompanied us for that purpose, Rydal Mount and its surrounding beauties have been described by many letter-writers of late years, and by all detailers of the picturesque in Westmoreland, so often, that nothing remains to be said of it. Every feature has been celebrated in all lands by its own muse; to me, its greatest charm consists in those who give to its scenery the attribute of life and intelligent enjoyment.

Here Wordsworth is the social centre, surrounded by cultivated persons who know his pre-eminent worth, and humbler dwellers in content, to whom he is no less a friend and benefactor. "This is a charming neighborhood," said my companion to him, as we surveyed it far and wide. "It combines more advantages, is more desirable to live in than any place I ever was in," answered he. "I have seen prospects," looking round, "that might as well adorn a canvass; parts of Switzerland and of Germany are as grand and beautiful; but here all nature is turned to human service and enjoyment. Every hill is accessible; every nook may be explored. To us, every considerable object is connected with our experience, and our satisfaction." He passed the outer gate with us, and descended the hill towards the public road. This troubled me; it was too kind; he would be wearied in mounting. But his natural force is protracted through his green old age. Shakspeare told why, when he described a man who subjected the animal will to the spiritual mind, and found the last stage of life "frosty, but kindly."

The common people of Ambleside are very good, honest, kind, and primitive.—This little town, a parish properly of Grassmere, contains about 2000 inhabitants, but Mr. Wordsworth says, such has long been the distribution of property and of employment about here, that the "gaunt wolf," or, as the Scripture says, with great force, "the armed man," poverty, has been kept off, and the misery and vice that follow in his train do not show their grim and forlorn visages here.

It is quite interesting to hear the common people talk of Wordsworth; those who have no notions at all of his genius and his eminence, but who perfectly understand his goodness; that quality self-evident, which needs neither trumpeter nor interpreter.—"He is a very good kind of a man," said one to me, "a very fair man to deal with." "Poor gentleman, he is getting old, and has seen great trouble; he is quite feeble.—You know he lost his daughter last year; she was a fine lady; every body is sorry for him," said another; and a third told me, when I inquired if he were at Rydal Mount, "He is, lady, I was up at the mount yesterday working for the gardener, and I had a little talk with him." Not a poor creature does he meet in the road, so I was told, (for the Irish are also at Ambleside,) but he speaks to them. "How are ye to-day?" "Thank your honor, very poorly;" and then follows the penny or the sixpence in hand. and the "God bless yer," in profusion, till he is out of sight. How beautifully does this endearing compassion and considerateness pervade his poetry "of the affections!"

I was loth to leave the sweet, quiet spot, but, according to a previous arrangement, proceeded on the 5th of July to Keswick, sixteen miles from Ambleside.—*Evening Post*

Domestic Economy.

And touching the guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate; and, according to the means of thy estate, rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly. For I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table. But some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame. But banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, but for the well-bearing of his drink; which is a better commendation for a brewer's horse or a drayman, that for either a gentleman or a serving-man. Beware thou spend not above three or four parts of thy revenues; nor above a third part of that in thy house. For the other two parts will do no more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always surmount the ordinary by much; otherwish thou shalt live like a rich beggar, in continual want. And the needy man can never live happily or contentedly. For every disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell. And that gentleman who sells an acre of land, sells an ounce of credit. For gentility is nothing else than ancient riches. So that, if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must needs follow.—*Lord Burleigh.*

The Model Lodging-House Keeper.

She is so hurt to hear that the children disturb you! She has the greatest trouble in keeping them quiet, but begs you will not hesitate to mention it if they are at all noisy. She has told them at least fifty times never to come into your room, the little plagues? She's very sorry, but she cannot make twenty breakfasts, and wait upon twenty gentlemen all at once. You really must wait a little longer. Well! it's very strange, but the chimney never did smoke before; what can be the cause of it? Oh! that noise at the back is the skittle ground—she quite forgot to mention it previously, but her house adjoins "a public;" it's a great nuisance, to be sure, but it's only of an evening, and won,t trouble you much after eleven. She hopes you feel yourself perfectly comfortable!

She can't for the life of her make out who takes your books! all she knows is, that she's no time for reading—it must be that hussey, Ann; she'll send her away as sure as she's born, if she catches her at it! You must make a mistake—there was'nt a bit of the leg left yesterday, she's ever so positive there was'nt—she can show you the bone if you wish it. She never recollects coals so abominably dear; it's quite shameful! The ton you had in last week is all gone, and she was obliged to lend you a coal-scuttle herself this morning. She can't make out what makes the paper so late—those tiresome boys are enough to wear one's life out. She's very sorry if there's no mustard in the house—she has told Ann to get some at least a hundred times, if she has told her once, but it's of no use. She must get rid of the girl!—Lor! how very provoking—she wishes you had only told her you wanted some hot water—she's just that very minute put the kitchen fire out, but there's some nice fresh water, if you'll have any.

What! a FLEA! (it's quite impossible to express the scream in type; the reader must imagine in his mind's ear something equal in shrillness to a railway whistle). A FLEA! did you say? Oh! that she should live to hear such a thing! She's only a poor lone widow, and it's cruel—that it is—to throw such a thing in her face! Well! if you *are* bitten all over, it's no fault of hers; you must have brought the "nasty things" in yourself. Her house is known to be the sweetest house in the whole street—you can ask anybody if it is'nt. Would you be kind enough not to ring the bell so often—there's a poor invalid lady on the first floor, and it distresses her sadly! She begs your pardon, but linen always was an extra—she had a gentleman who stopt in her parlors once for ten years; he was a very nice gentleman to be sure, something in the law, and he never all the time raised so much as a murmur against the linen, nor any other gentleman that she has had any dealings with. *You* must be mistaken.

She really cannot clean more than one pair of boots a day—some persons seem to have no bowels for the servants—poor creatures! Well! what's the matter with the curtains, she should like very much to know? What, rather old! Well! on her word it's the first time she's ever been told so, and they've only been up these eight years—if so much, decidedly not more!—However, if persons are not satisfied, they had better go—she has been offered three and sixpance a week more for the rooms—and goodness knows she does'nt make a blessed farthing by them. She's anxious to satisfy everybody, but cannot do wonders—and what's more, won't, to please anybody! She's extremely sorry to hear that you have lost half your shirts, but she cannot be answerable for her servants, of course. She has told her lodgers over and over again always to be careful and lock their drawers, till she's fairly tired of telling them! What do you say? They always have been locked! Well! she should'nt at all wonder now that you suspect her?—if so; she can only tell you to your face that she does'nt wear shirts, and begs you'll suit yourself elsewhere. She never experienced such treatment in all her life, and more than that she won't—no, not to please the Queen, or the very best lodger in the world! Perhaps you'll accuse her next of stealing your tea and sugar? What, you do? Well! she's ashamed of you—that she is—and should like exceedingly to know what you call yourself? A *gentleman* indeed! No more a gentleman than she is a gentleman!—However, she won't harbor such gentlemen in *her* house, she's determined on that; so you'll please take the usual notice, and bundle yourself off as quick as you can, and precious good riddance too! She won't stand nonsense from anybody, though she is nothing better than a poor widow, and has not a soul to protect her in the wide world! She never saw such a gentleman.

Not a word more, however, is said.—The next evening some oysters are sent in for supper "with Missus' compliments, please, she says they're beautifully fresh;" or if it is Sunday, she ventures in herself with her best cap, and two plates, one over the other, and "hopes you will excuse the liberty, but the joint looked so nice, she thought you would just lik a slice of hot meat for luncheon, with a nice brown potato." She stirs the fire; sees that the windows are fastened down tight; can't make out where the draft comes out; asks in the softest voice whether you would'nt like a nice glass of pale ale; and finishes by wiping with her apron the dust off the mantelpiece and all the chairs, and hoping that you're comfortable.

As the fatal day draws near, she knocks at the door. "Is she disturbing you?—Would you be kind enough to let her have a little drop of brandy—she would esteem it a great favor—she has such a dreadful sinking."

The next morning she lays the breakfast cloth herself. For the first time the weekly bill is not ready, "but she's in no hurry; any time will do. Why! surely you're not thinking of going in this way? You have been with her so long; she should be miserable to lose you—such a nice gentleman, too—you cannot mean to go!"

But, alas! there is no appeal. Here let us shut the door. Language is too weak to describe the terrible slammings and bangings, and the fearful sarcasms of that last day. Arithmetic, too, falls powerless before the awful array of formidable "extras" in the last week's bill of the Model Lodging-House Keeper.—*Punch.*

Man in Civilization.

No one will deny that man is still very far from the realization of his ideal condition. He does not fulfil the law of his nature.—He is nowhere perfect in his kind, in the manner and degree in which, for example, the wing-footed red-deer of the Scottish Higlands, or those whirlwinds of unmounted cavalry that sweep the plains of South America, or the self-relying lion of Zahara is perfect, each in its kind. Even the daisy, or our still more favorite flower, the blue-eyed speedwell, is enabled to show forth all its little capabilities, and it is complete; but man is neither what he should be, nor what he shall become. To speak only of the lower ingredient of his constitution, it appears that his very nervous system does not habitually attain to any thing like a free and a full manifestation of the wondrous properties lying latent within its round. All men, considered merely as so many cerebro-spinal axes, are maimed and defective. They all want something that belongs to them. Like Harry Bertram in the Romance of Guy Mannering, they do not know the fields that are their own, their ancestral rights, nor yet the small voice of nature that stirs their hearts into remembrance. Nor is there any room for wonder! Think of the enormous amount of hereditary, chronic, and lurking disease in the world. Consider the vast consumption of tea, coffee, alcohol, tobacco, and opium; remembering that the taste for all of these drugs has actually to be acquired, even by otherwise unnatural creatures like the men and women of the present day, and that taste is therefore not congenial with the paridisaic instincts of ideal man. Examine the very meats which the flaccid genius of dyspepsy has invented. Count the hundred spices and impurities by which the fine edge of ordinary sensibility is blunted and torn. Recollect the extent to which night is universally turned into day. Take particular notice of the excessive and exclusive cultivation of the mere muscle of the body in one class of people, of the mere stomach and lungs in another, of the mere nerves of superficial and sentimental sensibility in a third, and of the mere miserable brain in a fourth one, and so forth. Think, in fine, of everything in the daily life of Europe, that is calculated, if not intended, to thrust man out of harmony with all the finer movements of nature on the one side, and of his own unfathomable soul on the other. Nor can anybody claim exemption from the rule. Be one ever so wholesome in physical living, ever so virtuous in moral conduct, and ever so generally cultivated in mind, it will avail him only a little; but that excellent little is worth a world of self-denial. The disorder, the dullness, and the perversion of the native sensibilities of the frame are distributed through the whole race by marriage, as well as by example and consent. Civilised language contains at least one significant indication of the fact. When there appears among men a person of extraordinary sensibility to the more sacred influences of the temple of nature, in which they are chinging money more than serving like priests, they call him a genius, leave him to shift as he can, and let posterity discover that he was the most genuine man of them all.—Aye, and so bad is the horrid imbroglio of custom, that no sooner does a soul come into the world in such an organization, than he is entangled in the habits of society, and falling from a greater height, he frequently sinks lower than the lowest.—*North British Review.*

The Character of Chesterfield.

Lord Chesterfield was allowed by everybody to have more conversable entertaining table wit than any man of his time; his propensity to ridicule, in which he indulged himself with infinite humor and no distinction, and with inexhaustible spirits and no discretion, made him sought and feared, liked and not loved, by most of his acquaintance; no sex, no relation, no rank, no power, no profession, no friendship, no obligation was a shield from those pointed, glittering weapons, that seemed to shine only to a stander-by, but cut deep in those they touched. All his acquaintance were indifferently the objects of his satire, and served promiscuously to feed that voracious appetite for abuse that made him fall upon everything that came in his way, and treat every one of his companions in rotation at the expense of the rest. I remember two lines in satire of Boileau's that fit him exactly

"Mais c'est un petit fou qui se croit tout permis,
Et qui pour un bon mot va perdre vingt amis."

And as his lordship, for want of principle, often sacrificed his character to his interest, so by these means he as often, for want of prudence, sacrificed his interest to his vanity. With a person as disagreeable as it was possible for a human being to be without being deformed, he affected following many women of the first beauty, and the most in fashion; and, if you would have his word for it, not without success; while in fact and in truth he never gained any one above the venal rank of those who an Adonis or a Vulcan might be equally well with, for an equal sum of money. He was very short, disproportioned, thick, and clumsily made; had a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. One Ben Jonson, who said few good things, though admired for many, told Lord Chesterfield once that he was like a stunted giant—which was a humorous idea, and really apposite. Such a thing would disconcert Lord Chesterfield as much as it would have done anybody, who had neither his wit nor his assurance, on other occasions; for though he could attack vigorously, he could defend but weakly, his quickness never showing itself in reply, any more than his understanding in argument.—*Lord Hervey.*

Value of Compression in Oratory.

Eloquence, we are persuaded, will never flourish in America or at home, so long as the public taste is infantile enough to measure the value of a speech by the hours it occupies, and to exalt copiousness and fertility to the absolute disregard of conciseness. The efficacy and value of compression can scarcely be overrated. The common air we beat aside with our breath, compressed, has the force of gunpowder, and will rend the solid rock, and so it is with language. A gentle stream of persuasives may flow through the mind, and leave no sediment; let it come at a blow, as a cataract, and it sweeps all before it.—It is by this magnificent compression that Cicero confounds Cataline, and Demosthenes overwhelms Æshines; by this that Mark Anthony, as Shakspeare makes him speak, carries the heart away with a bad cause; by this that Lady Macbeth makes us, for the moment, sympathise with murder. The language of strong passion is always terse and compressed; genuine conviction uses few words; there is something of artifice and dishonesty in a long speech. No argument is worth using, because none can make a deep impression, that does not bear to be stated in a single sentence. Our marshalling of speeches, essays, and books according to their length, deeming this a great work which covers a great space,—this "inordinate appetite for printed paper, which devours so much and so indiscriminately that it has no leisure for fairly digesting anything,—is pernicious to all kinds of literature, but fatal to oratory. The writer who aims at perfection is forced to dread popularity and steer wide of it; the orator who must court popularity, is forced to renounce the pursuit of genuine and lasting excellence.—*Westminster Review.*

Libraries.

Libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed,—*Lord Bacon.*